

The Shape vs Jason Part 2

by Eric W. Hanke

Category: Halloween

Genre: Horror, Suspense

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2006-11-01 22:47:39

Updated: 2006-11-01 22:47:39

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:23:43

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,919

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Michael Myers battles Jason Voorhees at Crystal Lake.

The Shape vs Jason Part 2

Halloween:

The Shape vs. Jason Part 2

Keith jumped into the water, fully clothed. He popped up a moment later, and shook off of the excess water. Barbra was sitting on the dock.

"Hey, you almost got me wet." She complained.

Keith splashed her, and she responded by kicking some water in his direction.

"I'm gonna get a beer. Do you want one?"

"Yeah."

"Okay. Try not to drown while I'm gone."

"I'm going to swim across the lake and back."

Barbra walked away, shaking her head. Keith continued to swim in the moonlight. The water was cold, but he was having too good a time to care.

Barbra entered a small patch of woods between the dock and cabin. That's when she heard a twig snap behind. She whirled around, expecting to see Keith standing there. All she saw was empty woods.

"Keith?"

Silence.

"Very funny, Keith. You can come out, now."

More silence.

Barbra tip-toed over to where she thought the sound had come from, and quickly poked head through the brush. There's no sign of Keith, or anyone else. Shrugging, she turned and found herself face to face with death. Jason was standing a few feet in front of her, just staring. She tried to scream, but nothing came out. Jason did not give her a second chance. With speed and strength, he rammed a metal spike into her belly. Blood poured out, as he let her drop to the ground with the spike still protruding from her stomach.

"Hey, Barbie," called Keith. "Wait for me."

Jason turned his attention to the sound of Keith entering the wooded area.

"Where are you?" asked Keith. "I know you don't walk that fast."

Keith entered the region in which Barbra had just been killed.

Deciding Barbra was playing a game, he began to slink around, trying not to make any noise.

"I'm coming to get you, Barbra." He said, in a sinister tone.

He peered around a thick tree, and saw Barbra on the ground with the spike still in her dead frame. He was frozen with horror, until movement caused him to turn. Jason wasted no time in grabbing him around the throat. Keith tried to struggle, but was like a rag doll in Jason's powerful hands. Keith's knees buckled, then Jason proceeded to twist Keith's head off completely. Now, disinterested, he tossed the head aside like an empty can, and continued his trek through the forrest.

John, Jenny, Martin, and Kathy were seated around a low fire in the cabin's fireplace.

"Martin and I are thinking about staying for another couple of days," announced Kathy. "This place is great."

"John and I have to get back. I'm up for a promotion. And, besides, the camp was only kept open this late in the year because Halloween fell on a Saturday. They'll be closing for the season tomorrow."

"Damn, that's right!" exclaimed Kathy.

"We'll have enough fun tonight to last us a while," said Martin. "Ain't that right, John?"

"I'm actually looking forward to this night. I haven't celebrated Halloween in a long time. Thanks to Jenny, I can. I'm going to face my fears and conquer them."

"It's good to know you're feeling better," replied Martin. "But, you're getting a little deep for me, right now. I need Keith's juvenile ass for some balance. Where is he, anyway. I haven't seen him, or Kathy since last night."

"Neither have I," said Jenny. "John?"

"No. They're probably off somewhere playing Tarzan and Jane."

"It looked like it was going to storm a little while ago," said Martin. "Maybe we should go look for them."

"Good idea. You and Kathy check around the lake. Jenny and I will look in the woods."

The four split into two pairs as they exited the cabin.

Martin, and Kathy trudged along the shoreline of the lake.

"Keith?" yelled Martin. "Come on, man. I'm going to kick your ass when I find you."

"This isn't funny, Keith," added Kathy. "This is supposed be our vacation."

Then Martin spotted someone in the bushes up ahead.

"Keith?" he called. "Is that you?"

"Barbra?" called Kathy.

"Wait here," Martin whispered. "I'm going to sneak up and surprise them."

"Be careful."

"Nothing to worry about, baby."

Martin crouched down and moved into the thicket. Kathy rubbed her arms for warmth, as she watched Martin disappeared into the green growth. She looked very uncomfortable. A moment later, she was startled by the sound of Martin yelling,

"Got ya!"

She listened for a few seconds, but heard no further sounds.

"Did you find them?" she called.

There was no response.

"Martin? Come on, not you, too. I'm cold, and I'm not in the mood for games."

She crossed the distance between herself and the thicket, but then stopped as Martin appeared. His expression was one of utter shock and terror.

"Hey, whatâ€¦"

At first, Kathy did not grasp what was happening. Then, Martin stumbled forward, clutching his stomach. Blood was pouring through his fingers.

"Martin? What?"

"Run," Martin sputtered. "Kathy, run!"

Suddenly, Michael Myers appeared behind Martin. He raised a hatchet, and brought it down into Martin's shoulder.

Gore spewed from the wound, as Martin dropped to his knees, then face down in the dirt. Casually, Michael removed the blade from his victim, and looked at Kathy. As he took a step forward, she regained her composure, and started to run away. Michael began to pursue her.

Kathy stumbled through the woods, her lovely face contorted into the very image of fear. She was so scared that she did not see the large rock in front of her. She hit it, and then the ground, face first. Disoriented for only a few moment, she rolled over, and found Michael standing over her. He swung the hatchet, but only achieved a glancing blow to Kathy's arm, because she kicked him in the stomach, causing him to stumble back a couple steps. It did not seem like much, but it gave her the time to get to her feet, and start running again. The Shape recovered and continued the pursuit.

John and Jenny were seated on the cabin's front steps. Both looked very fatigued, and even more concerned about their four friends.

"If they don't show up, soon," said John. "We'll call the police."

"I think, we should call right now. They could be hurt, or worse."

"Maybe you're right. I!"

"Help! Someone help me!" Kathy screamed.

John and Jenny snapped to their feet, as Kathy emerged from the woods. She was out of breath, but showed no signs of slowing, or stopping. Adrenaline, and fear were fueling her legs, at this point.

"Kathy?" exclaimed Jenny. "What the hell is!"

Kathy nearly knocked Jenny down when she reached her, and John.

"He killed Martin! We have to get out of here, right now!"

"What are you talking about?" asked John. "Where's Martin?"

"Holy shit!" exclaimed Jenny. "Who the!"

John and Kathy followed Jenny's horrified stare, and saw Michael emerge from the thicket. At the site of his serial killer uncle, John's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"Oh, my god, it's him."

"Run!" screamed Kathy.

"Get inside," insisted John.

The three rushed inside, and John bolted the door behind them.

"Now, what do we do?" Jenny asked John.

"We have to hide!" blurted Kathy.

"We can stay in here. That door won't stop him." Said John.

"We can get out through one of the bedroom windows," added Jenny.

"I've got an idea," replied John. "Come on."

As he began to usher them to the rear of the cabin, Michael burst through the front door.

"Jenny, you and Kathy go. I'm the one he wants. I'll hold him off."

"No!" Screamed Jenny.

"Go!" Shouted John.

Michael zeroed in on his nephew, and started moving towards him. Kathy grabbed Jenny by the arm, and the two ladies made for the rear of the cabin. In an attempt to lure Michael away, John ran into the kitchen. Michale followed him, instead of the women.

The kitchen was dark, except for beams of moonlight coming through the curtains. There was no sign of John. The Shape began to search for his target. He moved around the counter, slowly. Suddenly, John appeared from behind the counter, butcher knife in hand. He swung at his uncle, savagely. The Shape tried to block the attack, but was too slow. The blade entered his chest. He stumbled back, dropping the hatchet. Thinking fast, John picked it up, and rammed into Michael's already wounded torso. Michael collapsed to the floor, hard. Both the knife and hatchet were still protruding from his chest. John did not know if Michael was alive or dead, and he was not about to stick around to find out. He moved the unmoving form caustiously.

"Jenny?" he called. "Jenny? We have to get out of here."

John made his way to the rear of the cabin. Jenny and Kathy emerged from one of the bedrooms.

"What happended?" asked Jenny.

"I stabbed him, but I don't think he's dead. We're getting the hell out of here."

"I've got the car keys," said Jenny.

Kathy screamed. John and Jenny turned to see Michael standing at the ending of hallway, griping the bloody butcher knife. John wasted no

time in pushing his companions into the bedroom, and slamming the door behind them.

"We're trapped!" Said Kathy.

With the butcher knife leading the way, Michael's hand penetrated the door. John grabbed a lamp and smashed it over Michael's hand. Following his example, Jenny picked up the small table the lamp had been sitting on, and heaved it through the room's lone window. Then, she helped Kathy through the opening.

"Hurry up, John." Insisted Jenny, halfway through the window, herself.

John gave up trying to keep the Shape from getting in, and followed his love through hole, just as Michael eliminated the rest of the door.

Keys in hand, Jenny is the first to reach the trio of automobiles. She was about to climb into her car, when she noticed something very bad.

"Shit!" Exclaimed John.

He, too, had realized that the tires had been slashed. Not just on Jenny's car, but on all three vehicles.

"Now, what do we do?" asked Kathy. "There's no other way out of here."

"Yes, there is," insisted John. "Let's go."

As he ran for the thicket, Jenny and Kathy followed close behind. Suddenly, Barbra's body dropped from a tree and landed right in front of the fleeing trio. Then, the body of Keith came flying through the air, landing nearby.

"Oh, my god, Keith!" exclaimed Kathy.

Breaking twigs turned the three's attention to some nearby bushes. They looked on in horror, as Jason stepped into the open, brandishing a machette.

"What the hellâ€|whoâ€|run!" said John.

The three resumed their terror induced sprint through the forest.

John, Jenny, and a limping Kathey moved through the woods as fast as they could.

"What are we gonna do?" said Kathy. "There's two maniacs trying to kill us."

"There it is," said John. "Hurry up."

"There's what?" Asked Kathy.

"The old mine."

The entrance to the man-made tunnel came into full view a moment later.

"We can't hide in there," said Jenny. "We'll be trapped."

"Do you have a better idea. We need someplace to hide until we can figure out what to do."

"But, it's not safe in there. It could collapse at any moment," added Kathy.

"We'll have to take that chance," said John.

He ushered them inside. Kathy's limp was becoming more pronounced.

"You need to rest that ankle for a little while." John said to Kathy.

Kathy sat down on an old crate, and began massaging her sore appendage.

"We can't stay in here," insisted Kathy.

"Just relax, Kate," said Jenny. "We'll be all right for while. Let me have a look at the ankle."

"You think just because you work in a hospital, that makes you a doctor?" joked Kathy.

The mood in the tunnel lightened a little.

"No," replied Jenny. "But I make house calls. Or, in this case, mine calls."

Jenny proceeded to examine her friend's injury as best she could.

"It doesn't seem to bad," she concluded. "Just twisted. There doesn't seem to be too much swelling, at the moment. I'm more worried about your sholder."

Jenny removed her jacket, and tore off one of the sleeves. With more skill than she thought she possessed, she wrapped the denim bandage around her friend's wound.

"Can you walk?" John asked Kathy.

"I think so."

"Okay," said John. "I looked at a map of this mine before we came here the first time. And, I think there's another entrance to this mine. It's a few miles, but we should be able to make it."

"Are you sure?" asked Jenny.

"Pretty sure. But, I don't think we have much of a choice."

"Why can't we just make for the main road?" asked Kathy.

"Because," said John, "it's just as far, and it's open ground all the way."

"Tunnel it is," said Kathy, trying not to sound too terrified.

"And, once were out of here," replied John, "we run like hell!"

Kathy got to her feet slowly. Her ankle was starting to feel better, but she was not going to take any chances. John removed a small key chain flashlight from his pocket, and began leading the way through the unknown darkness.

John, and Jenny were leading the way with Kathy limping close behind. The makeshift bandage on her shoulder was stained with blood. The three were talking in low voices, in order to stifle any echo.

"That's your uncle who's trying to kill us!" exclaimed Kathy.

"Yes," replied John, painfully. "He murdered my mother, and now he's after me."

"Why didn't you ever tell me about this?" asked Kathy.

"I never wanted to burden you with it, Kate. I'm sorry. I guess I should have told you."

"Did Martin know?"

"He's the only one of our friends who did." Confessed John.

"I wish you would have told, sweetie. I had an aunt who liked to knit bright orange sweaters with black stripes. But, nothing like this."

"I don't suppose you'd like to trade. I'm not a fan of orange sweaters, but I'd prefer to look like a giant piece of fruit, than have a serial killer for an uncle."

"I think I'll keep my lifetime supply of orange sweaters."

"That explains Michael Myers," said John. "But, what about that other guy? I have no clue about him."

"I think I do," replied Jenny. "There's an old legend about a guy named Jason Voorhees. Apparently, he drowned in the lake when he was kid. His mother went crazy and started killing camp counselors. Some people believe Jason witnessed her being beheaded by one of her would-be victims, and started taking revenge."

"Holy shit!" stated Kathy. "We're caught in the middle of two psychos."

"We are, aren't we?" replied John. "What if we could get out of the way, and pit them against each other?"

"I don't think we should risk it," said Jenny. "What if we get caught in the middle."

"Like Kathy said, we already are. Look, there's the other entrance."

Up ahead moonlight was trying to illuminate the opening. The three emerged from the mine, slowly. All was quiet, except for the layers of nocturnal insects trying to attract a mate.

"Now what?" Jenny asked John.

John pointed to the south east.

"There should be a road about half a mile that way."

"Let's hurry," said Kathy. "I don't like it out here."

"We must have walked three miles. I think we're safe for now."

Suddenly, Michael emerged from the brush and grabbed Kathy by the back of the neck. He wasted no time in driving the buther knife so hard through her back that the blade burst out through her torso.

"Kathy!" Screamed Jenny.

"No!" added John.

It was too late to do anything for their friend. John grabbed Jenny's arm and pulled her forward.

"Run!" He shouted.

The young couple ran in the direction of the road. Michael pursued at a deliberate pace.

John and Jenny burst through some thick bushes and found themselves at the edge of a deep chasm. The couple could hear the faint sound of water flowing at the bottom of the gorge, but it was too dark to see it.

"We're trapped!" exclaimed Jenny.

John looked around frantically.

"There!" he said, spotting an old wooden bridge. "I've got an idea. I'm the one he wants. You hide, and I'm going to lure him onto the bridge. Once he's on, we'll cut the ropes on both sides."

"It's too dangerous. And what about Jason?"

"We'll worry about him later. Now, hide!"

John took her hand, and their eyes locked for a moment. Then, Jenny hurried behind some bushes. John stepped onto the bridge, cautiously. The sound of Michael approaching, quickened John's pace. He was nearly across the brige, when Michael appeared in the clearing. Spotting him, Jenny had to fight back the urge to flee. It wasn't until he started moving in her direction that she considered running for her life. The sound of John yelling from the other side of the chasm, drew Michael's attention.

"Hey, asshole!" shouted John.

Without fear or hesitation, Michael started across the bridge. Jenny watched for a few moments. She was about to carry out her half of the plan when Jason arrived in the clearing. The hockey masked killer moved toward the bridge. John's commotion had gotten his attention as well. She watched until Jason was on the bridge, too. Then, as quietly as she could she moved to the end the bridge and began cutting the rope with a shape rock. On the other side of the bridge, John was doing his best to sever the ropes from the posts. Michael was getting dangerously close.

"John!" she screamed. "Look out!"

At the sound of Jenny's voice, Michael whirled around. But, his eyes didn't focus on her. His focus was draw to Jason immediately. The two serial killers considered each other for a few seconds. Then, Jason made the first hostile move with a big swing of his machette. Michael tried to maneuver out of the way, but the narrowness of the bridge made it difficult. The blade cut into his sholder. Blood sprayed out as Michael tried to retreat a couple of steps. Jason swung again, but this time Michael was able to evade the attack. Then, he lunged forward and drove the kitchen knife deep into Jason's stomach. Jason tried to step back, but was caught on the blade. In order to free himself, Jason aimed his machette at Michael's head. Realizing what was about to happen, Michael bounced back a few steps, leaving the knife in Jason.

As if it were nothing more than a splinter, Jason removed the knife from his chopped flesh, and skillfully flung it into Michael's chest. Unfazed, Michael moved toward his opponent. Jason lunged, driving the machette completely through Michael's abdomenol region. Michael shuttered, but then clubed Jason in the back of the head with his forearm, knocking him down. The heavy impact rocked the aged bridge.

Jason got to his feet, as Michael removed the machette. A brutal right hook from Jason sent Michael crashing through the rotted wood. Jason moved in for the kill. Using his foot he tried to push Michael all the way through the opening and into the abyss below. Somehow, Michael was able push him off and claw his way back to a vertical posture on the bridge. Again, the two watched each other for a few moments. Neither seemed to be aware that John and Jenny had stopped cutting the ropes of the bridge. Jason was about to continue the fight, when the bridge lurched and then settled on a precarious tilt. Both killers grabbed on for dear life. Michael turned his attention to John, leaving himself open for attack. Jason seized the opportunity, clutched his adversary's head and began to squeeze. In response, Michael bashed Jason in the head, causing him to release the death grip. The two lunge at the same instant and their arms lock in a struggle to get an advantage. Suddenly, the bridge lurched from the other side. Then, John severed the final rope. The two maniacs were seperated as they plunge into the darkness below.

John and Jenny watched the gloom until they hear a loud splash. Then, they look across the chasm at each other.

"Now what?" asked Jenny.

"There's bound to be another way across. We'll just walk along the edge until we find it."

"I sure hope they're dead."

"Me, too. I'm getting tired of these family reunions."

The young couple started walking along the gorge's edge.

John and Jenny were holding hands tightly, as they stood face to face with Harold Grant and Frank Dudley. Behind them was a bustle of activity, including uniformed personnel collecting evidence, and EMTs tending to the care of the dead. The horrors of the previous night were still thick in the air.

"I can't believe they're gone." said Jenny, sadly.

"I'm very sorry for your loss," replied Harold. "but, at least, you have the satisfaction of knowing this won't happen ever again. It sounds like you and John ended it."

"Have you found the bodies?" asked John.

"No, but we'll keep looking. They have to be somewhere. Come on. Let's get you two out of here."

Grant and Dudley escorted John and Jenny to their government car. The four pulled away, leaving Crystal lake behind them.

Michael and Jason were falling through a dark, formless void. But instead of landing in water, they crashed onto a large, round, rocky surface. The space above them was an eerie yellowish-orange blend with streaks of blue and gray.

The two serial killers got to their feet and looked around. They found themselves to be standing on a tall, stone formation. A short distance away was a huge wall with an ominous gate, which was closed. All around them was flame. The two studied their strange surroundings, but stopped when they heard a voice that seemed to be coming from everywhere.

"New arrivals," said the voice. "Excellent."

The two faced the gate, as it began to open. Neither flinched as the site of the deathly, white-skinned figure with pins sticking out of his head, stepped through the opening. From somewhere behind the gate, the sound of chains ripping flesh could be heard.

"Welcome to an eternity in which you will experience all the pleasures that pain has to offer," said Pinhead. "Let us begin."

THE END

End
file.